



BIRDS IN THE REDWOODS?

By Eleanor A. Pugh

Of course there are! In the mild coastal climate of the redwood belt, many species are resident, even in the depths of homogeneous climax forest. Wintertime may be the best time to observe this, for with few exceptions, the birds encountered represent the basic year-around ecology of birds of this habitat and can be more clearly recognized as such.

Come, take a walk with me through some of the deepest of the Prairie Creek Redwoods one of the least disturbed and unbroken remaining stands of virgin growths. As in any other habitat, birds are most active and conspicuous in the morning, so let's go then to see what we can find. If there's a little overcast or even some dripping from last night's shower, so much the better; these birds delight in it! Also, since we wouldn't want to miss the delightful singing of such birds as Winter Wren, Varied and Hermit Thrushes, or that nearly unknown songster, the Water Ouzel, we can score an advantage point if we choose to go some time from February through May. So, if you're ready, grab your jacket with hood, and come on!

There, from the Salmonberry thicket beside the creek, we catch the Song Sparrow's reedy note, while up the hill, the loud smack of a Fox Sparrow will not be denied. Overhead, Chestnut-backed Chickadees drawl their curiosity as they feed among the Red Alder cones. Yes, one must bring his ears along in the redwoods - and the fewer garrulous friends the better - if he is to find the birds. There's a bird easier to see - a Hermit Thrush nervously flutters his wings and tail before diving into the Salal, with a "churk." A glance up the creek locates an active Ouzel as she jumps into the creek, emerging at once with a mouthful of insect. Ah, ha! Sure enough, her mate, perched on a low-slung sapling across the creek's riffles, pours forth his jumbled, pleasant melody, which is seemingly designed to surge above the water's urgent clamor to tumble downward. This is a bird of fast water amidst forest surroundings, and he seems to like best the time of year when few come to hear him. At least, that's when we find him singing. I recommend reading John Muir's vivid account of this bird to those who would appreciate him fully.

Continued on page 102.

Birds in the Redwoods?

Continued...

The trail winds deeper into tall forest, but even here, those huge round boles are not reddish only: Sitka Spruce, Western Hemlock, and Douglas Fir grow tall and straight as the redwoods. One learns to examine bark to tell which is which. We are far enough now, so that highway noise has receded beyond notice. We can steep ourselves in the hush of fern-covered ravines, deceptively low against tall tree trunks. Don't step too far off the trail, however, at the risk of finding rough fern fronds above your head and a tangled concealed network of fallen "widowmakers" and dead fronds underfoot, with mosses and lichens overlaying all. No wonder that so many diminutive Winter Wrens find bold refuge at knee level. We stop to squeak a bit, and immediately hear the responsive "kimp-kimp" not six feet away. A pair of wrens is soon hopping energetically on the nearest wind-fallen limb in plain sight, the ruddy browns of the birds matching exactly the color of dead redwood leaves and rotting wood.

We move along, marveling at the brilliance of mushrooms- yellows, reds, off-white, and soft browns of every shape - and by the "toasted marshmallows" sprouting from log ends, when we are suddenly surrounded by a band of Golden-crowned Kinglets, whose shrill calls fill our ears. Standing still, we squeak; they come ever closer, showing off their very tininess, their orange or yellow crown patches emphasized by heavy black lines over their eyes. Amazingly tame and so like a bushful of Bush-tits, they cavort almost at arm's length. Alertly aware of human presence, one or two males continue a bell-like trilling call that can only be alarm notes. Soon the group takes heed. Only then can we discern overhead the very similar sibilant "see-ee" of a Brown Creeper as if in lofty disdain. It is barely audible, but as the kinglets move off and upward, the chance to compare calls of these two species is worth a silent pause. There is slight difference in timbre to the ears of some, but perhaps the quickest indication to identity is based on the solitary habit of the creeper, while kinglets always seem to be in groups, constantly keeping in touch with all. Sure enough, the sharpest-eyed of us may catch motion among the lofty limbs, as the creeper flies again, to move up the underside of a massive branch, with only an occasional call. Have you ever heard the tiny elfin song of this bird? Listen again; it's a short but sweet one.

It's quieter now. Sunshine is beginning to lighten the green world around us. A few rays shaft

through the canopy above, angling toward the fern-covered glens about. Straight and single each ray seems, yet blends into a radiant display of the verdant garden on every side. Each mounded bank, broken stump, and mouldering log supports unique collections of plants. The close-packed variety attests to ages of undisturbed availability to seedling starts. Well-rotted logs, long-lain, are fertile to the oxalis known as Redwood Sorrel, with striking maroon leaf undersides, to mosses and lichens of many types, and to a higher tangle of Salal and huckleberry, both red and blue. Lift your eyes up farther, and find sapling growths of Rhododendron, Sitka Spruce, Douglas Fir, and Coast Redwood itself. Thus, this type of forest renews itself.

The song of a Winter Wren is startling, as it winds up rapidly to top speed. Without pause, the bird sings on and on, and on and on! The notes are so strung together as to be barely distinguishable; the song itself seems as though one could crank out more and more as fast as one could go - until the arm is tired! It stops abruptly, leaving final tiny notes still chasing about in our ears. The silent flight of a Sharp-shinned Hawk traps our glance. He perches briefly, and moves on. We have thus disturbed the wren, who sang at us, not for us, probably - and the hawk preferred to do his hunting alone.

Undoubtedly there are silent owls, watching our progress, but they generally do their calling after dark. Among the redwoods, this means pitch black. Mammals, too, would be out on night patrol; Flying Squirrels, and the ubiquitous Raccoon. Campers can best enjoy the nightly music of Spotted Sawwhet, and Pygmy Owls from a cozy campfire at the forest edge. At daybreak, there is a special treat for you - but only at break of day for most of the year. Marbled Murrelets fly over, calling lustily, a clear rapid "meer-meer" that sometimes slips down into peculiar guttural croaks. This is a distinctive call, and worth rising early for. You may not see these birds, unless high fogs drive them down to treetop level, for they fly high and fast. Read C. J. Guignuet's "Enigma of the Pacific" for a thrilling account of what is yet unknown, I believe, of the nesting of this species - the last unconfirmed on the North American continent. Then, see if you can find a Marbled Murrelet's nest.

Upon reflection, have you missed some species you might have expected on our walk in the redwood forest? Did you find some that surprised you? Well within forest margins in winter, we do not find any Oregon Juncos, nor finches. North of Humboldt Bay, nuthatches also are missing for some reason. You might be surprised, however, to hear the rough scold of a Ruby-crowned Kinglet, or the soft breathy chatter of Wrentits, for they seem

to enjoy tangled undergrowth wherever they find it. A Raven calls roughly; overhead, a Steller's Jay and a Hairy Woodpecker identify themselves as occasional, but not numerous, residents of the dense forest. We have flushed Varied Thrushes from along our trail ahead. This brings our tally of resident species within the deepest of climax forest association to about twenty. True, that last sunny mile of trail may have seemed birdless. We begin to realize, perhaps, why so much lip-service is given to the fallacy, "There are no birds in the redwoods. If one awaits warm sunny midday before hitting the trail, trusting eyes alone to find birds in 300-plus-foot deep lush forest, he might find only that the birds are taking a siesta in a thousand and one niches - where they can titter at our naivete!

But, realizing that we have found this many kinds in one very homogeneous habitat, without benefit of gay summer migrants and actively nesting birds, we can definitely say that there are, indeed, birds among the redwoods. Winter Wrens and Golden-crowned Kinglets, especially, we can truthfully say are quite abundant.* If we were to include all types of habitat associated with redwood trees along this northwest coast of the state, we would find many times these among: the regrowth of lumbered lands (where finches and sparrows winter); alders and mixed growth along streams (where Ruffed Grouse, Myrtle Warblers, and Hutton's Vireos are easier to find); pastures and prairies; marshes and lagoons; coastal bays, beaches, and rocky headlands. One can then more fully realize that here, too, birding is unlimited and very interesting.

For quantitative comparison with other climax habitats, see Winter Population Studies in June issues of Audubon Field Notes. In a more southern, and more mixed, redwood area at Big Basin Redwoods State Park, Santa Cruz County (AFN 11: 440, 1957), we found as many as 360 territorial (presumed breeding) males per 100 acres. This is as rich as the best of eastern habitats.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eleanor Pugh is presently living in Cambria, California, where her husband is Chief Ranger at Hearst Castle State Monument. Previously, she had opportunity to do extensive birding at the various State Parks where her husband was stationed: Cuyamaca, Silver Strand, Big Basin, Doheny Beach and Prairie Creek Redwoods, to name some of the places. In addition to raising four children, she has found time to make significant contributions to field ornithology, especially in the area of the breeding bird census. The West Coast is indeed fortunate to have such an accurate and sensitive observer of bird behavior as Eleanor; since she lives fairly close to our field trip territory now, we hope to have the opportunity to join her in the field one of these days. We for sure want more articles for "Tanager" from her!

Join with Golden Gate Society - Monterey October Pelagic Trip

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 10, 1966

Once again our society will be joining the Golden Gate Audubon Society in an October pelagic trip out of Monterey. This is considered to be one of the finest pelagic trips in the country during the fall to see migrants as well as resident birds and mammals. The date this year will be Saturday, October 1. The boat leaves from Sam's Wharf at 9 a. m.

Due to the fact that our next Tanager will not be published until September and the reservation deadline for this trip is September 10, we are presenting details now for those who are planning to go. The cost of the trip is \$5.00 per person. Make checks payable to GOLDEN GATE AUDUBON SOCIETY and send them to:

Laura Lou Jenner
639 West 32nd Street
Los Angeles, Calif. 90007

Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and the names of all of the people in your party. NOTE: REFUNDS CANNOT BE MADE ON CANCELLATIONS RECEIVED LATER THAN FOUR DAYS BEFORE THE TRIP.

Earle Greene's Book On Sale in September

Earle R. Greene, one of our members who belongs to the exclusive "over 600 Club" (for the uninitiated, he has seen and identified over 600 birds on the A. O. U. North American check list) has written a book, "A Lifetime with The Birds," which will be on sale in September. It will have 110 photos in the 432 pages, and will sell for \$6. Most Los Angeles Audubon Society field trippers have birded with Earle; and may we suggest that this book would make a fine present for one of your birding friends or relatives. Inquire at the Audubon House gift shop.

James L. Bussey Passes

James L. Bussey - Born Sept. 22, 1902 in Denver, Colorado. Passed away June 4, 1966 in Los Angeles, California. -- There are no words to express our sorrow at making

There are no words to express our sorrow at making this announcement. Our deepest sympathy to Rose Bussey.

AUDUBON

BY OTTO WIDMAN

Activities



May 10 TUESDAY EVENING MEETING

Les Wood read the list of nominees for offices in the society for the coming year and they were accepted unanimously by voice vote. Our Western Representative for the Audubon Society, Bill Goodall, had called a bi-yearly meeting of the societies south of Fresno to bring them up to date on branch improvements so President Bill Watson outlined the subjects discussed, saying that the keynote was our service and the improvement of our image. Bill Watson also called our attention to the new California Fish and Wildlife Plan, which will be carried through 1980. The Commission's new philosophy includes a concern for all wildlife, having an equal concern for non-game species, Marine Fisheries, and retention of streams in their wild state. Our guests for the evening were Sybil Watkins, Laurence Jarovics, and Monroe Kulberg. Edith Eppler saw a Steller Jay in Griffith Park and a Burrowing Owl is in a drainpipe near Baldwin Hills.

Ruth Cordner and Francis Raymond were instrumental in getting Laura Lou and Betty Jenner interested in birds; their special birding place is Yosemite. Against these gigantic granite masses the minuscule birds emerge as individuals, unaware that a comparison has been made. When the opportunity occurs the Jenners return again and again to study songs, nesting habits and individual idiosyncracies; and, fortunately for us, they have taken their cameras along, bringing back a record of Yosemite character in Spring, Summer and Fall. The meadows and forests are a throwrug to unbelievably abrupt precipices; interlaced with falling waters, these cliffs take on a beauty nicely caught for us to see. These films of "no message" indicate a love for nature inherent in few.

May 14 SANTA CLARA RIVER AND ELIZABETH LAKE ROAD

Have you ever stood at the edge of a wood and listened to bird songs? At Santa Clara River Bottom we did. Here, seemingly away from everything, we listened to Bewick's Wren, Black-headed Grosbeak and Song Sparrow, while behind us from time to time the Killdeer sounded his alarm. Bill Watson was unable to lead the group, so Laura Lou Jenner consented to host for the day. Here in a short distance we noted 35 species. Townsend's and Wilson's Warblers, along with Lazuli Buntings, seemed to be migrating. There were 6 Blue Grosbeaks. Downy, Nuttall's and Acorn Woodpeckers appeared to be residents. Cliff Swallows were mud-gathering not far from where we stood - one of the few times we were able to see the markings about the head and neck. We had Costa's and Black-chinned Hummers. Almost always we have seen a White-tailed Kite here; this time we

were fortunate in also seeing a Red-shouldered Hawk.

At Taylor Camp Bell's Vireo was nesting at eye level beside the road. A tag was put up for Herb Clarke's nesting photos. This was a life bird for a good many. Along the river we spotted Lawrence and Lesser Goldfinch and a Swainson's Thrush. At Cottonwood Campground a Wood Peewee filled the woods with "song." For the day we had 38 species. We want to welcome Misses Ethel R. Rice and Wanda Tourtillott as guests for the day. We hadn't seen Virginia Lee on a field trip for quite some time. Welcome back, Virginia!

May 15 WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETING

The program of the final meeting of the season featured color slides by Olin and Allie Krum of sixty birds of the San Gabriel Mountains. A fine crowd was on hand, including some guests and some new members: Paula G. Carter, Lillian M. Oehrli, Lucille Hart, Sadie Foreman, Mrs. Hortense C. Steinicke, Clara Deatsam, and Mrs. Ruth H. Boster, among others. Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Ruiz (Freda Dutton) were receiving our best wishes.

Russ and Marion Wilson will soon start their long-anticipated travels in their trailer. Probably no two people in the Society will ever be missed so much -- but we wish them many happy experiences, and life birds by the dozen! As a token of our appreciation of their constant help and friendship, the Society presented them with Bent's "Life Histories of American Birds."

May 22 DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL AND VALYERMO CAMPGROUNDS

An Olive-sided Flycatcher puzzled us on our way down into the Punch Bowl. Here the 26 of us saw the nesting Violet-green Swallow, where two weeks before at Santa Clara we had seen the Cliff and Rough-winged only. Several Bewick's Wrens were in song. We saw both Valley and Mountain Quail. Birding was not good, but the hike down and out again in this new locale was slightly on the spectacular side. The huge boulders interspersed with Pinon Pine, Juniper Trees and some scattered wildflowers made a fine background for what birding there was.

Our next stop was at Cottonwood Campground near Valyermo. The woods seemed full of birds. Green-backed and Lawrence's Goldfinch, Bullock's Oriole and Black-headed Grosbeak seemed most in evidence, but there were Warbling Vireos, Wood Peewees and Black-chinned Sparrows. Not to be outdone, a Green-tailed Towhee appeared for the first time this year on our list. A House Wren came within a few feet of us during lunch hour. I think our day produced more scenery than birds (43 species) but it was well worth it, for we had a splendid day - cool and on the windy side with no evidence of the promised heat. Louise Vann, Dorothy Holland, Pauline Cole and Leone Johnson have been on many of our field trips. We give them a welcome hand for supporting our activities so thoroughly.

Los Angeles Audubon Society

CALENDAR

WILLIAM T. WATSON, *President*
 1249 N. EDGEMONT AVE., APT. 12
 LOS ANGELES 90029 661-8570



HEADQUARTERS, LIBRARY & NATURE MUSEUM LOCATED AT AUDUBON HOUSE,
 PLUMMER PARK, 7377 SANTA MONICA BLVD., LOS ANGELES 90046.

TELEPHONE 876-0202

MRS. DONALD ADAMS, *Executive Secretary*
 705 26 STREET
 MANHATTAN BEACH 90266 372-5536

HEADQUARTERS CHAIRMAN: MRS. J. GORDON WELLS
 REGISTRAR OF MEMBERS: MRS. RUSSELL WILSON

1966 JULY							AUGUST 1966						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2							
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	24	25	26	27	28	29	28	29	30	31			

JULY - AUGUST

- July 9 SATURDAY - ANNUAL POTLUCK DINNER 5:00 p.m. in the Fern Dell picnic area, Griffith Park, Area No. 7, near the upper end, has been reserved for this occasion. Bring: hot dish, salad, or dessert; table service; hot coffee or tea if desired. Plan to eat at 5:30. Fern Dell is reached from Los Feliz Ave. just east of Western Avenue.
- For additional information call: Audubon House 876-0202
- July 23 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Mt. Pinos. The plan for this trip will be to spend much of the day on the summit watching for Condors. Take U.S. 99 to about three miles beyond Gorman, turn left for Frazier Park, continue to Lake of the Woods where you turn right; follow this road to its end in a large parking area. There is a walk of a mile or so up to the parking area. Bring lunch and drinking water.
- Information: 748-7510
- Aug. 4 THURSDAY-EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING-7:30 p.m., Audubon House
- Aug. 13 SATURDAY-FIELD TRIP-Switzer's Inlet to Charlton Flats. Take the Angeles Crest Highway to Switzer's Inlet. Meet at 8:00 a.m. Wear walking shoes and bring lunch.
- Information: 748-7510
- Aug. 27 SATURDAY-FIELD TRIP - Buena Vista Lagoon. Take U.S. 101 south to Oceanside. Leave the freeway just north of Oceanside, taking the right hand road that leads through town. Meet at 8:00 a.m. at the north end of the road that crosses the lagoon. It has been customary to return to San Clemente State Park for a picnic dinner and a swim, if desired. There are tables and stoves if you wish to cook.
- Sept. 8 THURSDAY-EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING-7:30 p.m., Audubon House
- Sept. 10 SATURDAY-FIELD TRIP-Malibu Lagoon to the mouth of the Santa Clara River at Ventura. Meet at 7:30 a.m. on Pacific Coast Highway just north of the bridge over Malibu Lagoon. Bring lunch
- Oct. 1 SATURDAY - PELAGIC FIELD TRIP - Monterey. See details elsewhere in this issue.

The View from My Camp in Yosemite

by Betty Jenner June 1966

The most thought-provoking title to come out of show business in years is "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (Alan Jay Lerner-Burton Lane). As I sat in my camp at Yosemite this June, in the midst of the so-vulnerable wildness, I could not help reflecting along these lines, in regard to our area of concern: the preservation of wildness for the future health, physical and mental, of mankind, to say nothing of the well-being of the wild things, trees, shrubs, reptiles, mammals, birds, FOR THEIR OWN SAKE.

The Father Robin was leading his two "teenagers" around his territory, while the Mother brooded a second nest in a nearby alder. The breadcrumbs, raisins, etc. that I tossed out were eagerly snapped up by half-a-dozen male Black-headed Grosbeaks, and as many females and sub-adults. Steller Jays, Red-wings, Brewer's Blackbirds, and Brown-headed Cowbirds -- all were good customers, but the Father Robin flew at them all and let it be known who was the property owner. He was the most aggressive against the other Robins. All this is within Nature's design. Along the nearby creek Kingfisher flew, Song Sparrow, Warbling Vireo and Wood Peewee sang. Woodpeckers searched for insects. All this has gone on FOREVER as far as we are concerned.

The intelligent person looks backward toward a segment of FOREVER that is past, and presumably learns how to direct matters so that the FOREVER of the future will be worth living in. But what do we see? Water projects are doing away with creeks, and the specialized life along their banks. Bulldozers are taking untold acres of habitat for highways and badly planned housing developments. And -- "RECREATION," how is they name taken in vain! I quote from an article by San Fernando's Barbara Hopper about a trip she took, inspired by Joseph Wood Krutch's article in the April "Westways." "... Each time we visit Arizona we see further evidence of man's intrusion upon the life around him. As we explored Carr Canyon, we had noticed little water in the stream beds--nothing but rocks--and the same thing was even more evident: on our visit to Coronado Nat'l Monument. People told us, 'There is no water in our streams any more -- They've diverted it all and put it into the recreational dam at Lakeview. We just don't have the raccoons and wildlife we used to have. It doesn't seem right to have all our streams dried up forever.' When we spoke to the proprietor of a small general store, commenting on the lack of smog, she pointed and said, 'We don't see the mountains to the east anymore--too much air pollution from the Douglas and Bisbee mines.' Heading toward the San Pedro River, southeast of Tombstone, and one of our favorite spots, we found our old way barred with barbed wire and 'Keep Out' signs; at the only other access to the river was a man with a gun, idly

shooting at tin cans, rocks, or anything else that caught his eye. Looking up at a far hillside, we saw flags and earthmoving equipment; the Army Corps of Engineers cars were strongly in evidence along the roads. People in Tombstone confirmed the worst -- 'They're going to dam the San Pedro and make a big recreational lake and it will bring lots of people to Tombstone, and lots of money.' So Pettingill can delete from his 'Guide to Bird Finding in the West' one more delightful spot. Gone forever will be that lovely sinuous line of cottonwoods and sycamores that now follow down the path of the river, and with them will go the nesting sites of many favorite birds.... A waitress in a Tombstone restaurant spoke with a voice seldom heard now... 'It seems that man is trying to see just how fast he can destroy all the natural beauty of our state. Why can't they leave some of it alone?' "

The wildlife that isn't killed outright by such loss of habitat makes unnatural pressure on habitat that remains, where territories are already established. Even in established parks, another form of RECREATION imperils our wildlife. I quote again from the June 1966 "Phainopepla," San Fernando's bulletin:

"Steckel Park, above Santa Paula; Saturday, May 21; Motorcycles, endlessly circling back and forth, and round and round through the campground and the picnic areas, with their exhaust noises providing a constant cacophony. This motorcycle and scooter riding is not in any sense transportation: . . . it is playtime, a game where the motorcycle noise can be enjoyed by those who like it, and to heck with the squares who are annoyed by it. It is obvious that many of the riders are showing off, keeping an eye out to see who is looking at them; others, from their expression, appear to take a distinct pleasure in the annoyance they cause, secure in the knowledge that onlookers cannot stop them. The editor has expressed these views in a strong letter to the Ventura County Park Dep't, suggesting that steps be taken to correct the situation, or to abolish the campground and start charging the motorcyclists admission to the park."

Our conservationist friends -- I use the word loosely -- the hunters don't do much to brighten the picture. I quote from "Western Meadowlark," San Bernardino Audubon Society, June 1966:

"Our Conservation Chairman put forth a mighty effort at the (both sexes deer hunt) hearing last Saturday. However, as usual, the deer hunters were granted the right to shoot either sex for a limited season. One hunter admitted that he shot five (count them) deer before he found one that he wanted to keep for the meat. How sadistic can you get?"

Continued on page 107

From my campsite I strolled over the creek to Redwing Blackbird Meadow. Three does browsed among the grasses and cow parsnips. What were they nibbling with relish? Weed seeds, such as dock; ferns; various other weeds, and very little grass, of which there was plenty. So perhaps our deer are helping destroy weeds and should be protected! After watching Pygmy Owl who has maintained a balance with its prey FOREVER, I returned to my camp and decided to measure the circumference of the great Ponderosa that must be felled soon because the "bugs" have gotten into it. The bark has been chopped by campers; nails have been driven into it; all mulch, its own needles and oak cottonwood leaves, have been burned by campers; and now it is dying. An obscene red-and-yellow crystalline substance flows from its bark: tiny flies find this irresistible, and are having a Bacchanalian feast. Tiny spiders have their nets out for the flies. A red-and-black wasp investigates the situation. A single golden drop of pure pitch hangs like a tear that the dying tree sheds, for it must soon leave its forest home of perhaps hundreds of years. The string with which I have measured the circumference is over ten feet in length; the diameter therefore is around three feet. How old is a three-foot-diameter Ponderosa? It is dying too young.

My view of FOREVER should be like a taste of immortality. Instead, it is depressing; no matter how many thinking people recommend calling a halt to the destruction of EARTH by bulldozer and dambuilder, the night-and-day activity goes on. Our men of power MUST IMMEDIATELY think along the lines expressed so well in these two final quotes:

"CREATIVE CONSERVATION -- If we are to arrest the trend toward mass ugliness we must do more than stop or modify a few construction projects. An outline of broader goals was enunciated by President Johnson in his message on natural beauty. He said, 'Our conservation must not be just classic protection and development but a creative conservation of restoration and innovation.' This statement should be viewed as a challenge to conservationists to come up with ideas and plans."

Philip Abelson, Science, 12/17/65

"WHEN MAN CREATES A CIVILIZATION OF HIS OWN, he embarks upon a course of development that biologically might terrify the Creator Himself. So far as adaptation to nature is concerned, all nature's creatures are marvelously perfect, for those that are not perfectly adapted, she kills off. But now we are no longer called upon to adapt ourselves to nature; we are called upon to adapt ourselves to ourselves, to this thing called civilization. All instincts were good, were healthy in nature; in society, however, we call all instincts savage. What a wholesale transformation of values! And that is the reason why we sit back and wonder why the Lord made us so imperfect."

Lin Yutang, The Importance of Living

And I hasten to add...the opinions expressed



NEW MEMBERS

- Mrs. Anne E. Cohen
327 Napoleon St., Playa del Rey 90291
- Mrs. Gina Covell
662 Stone Canyon Rd., L.A. 90024
- Mrs. Florence H. Dalton
323 S. Cedar Ave., Inglewood 90301
- Mr. Earl K. Dore
1745 Maple Ave., #58, Torrance 90503
- Mr. Robert Dunn
1300 Walnut Ave., Manhattan Beach 90266
- Mr. & Mrs. Harry Franklin
15237 Arcturus Ave., Gardena 90249
- Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. House
Rt. 1, Box 636, Thousand Oaks 91360
- Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Jones
9627 Cedarbrook Dr., Beverly Hills
- Mr. Dean C. Logan
616 West 43 Street, L. A. 90037
- Mr. James E. McNally
10739 Barlow Ave., Apt. J, Lynwood 90262
- Mr. Iain G. Nicolson
417 West Ave. 42, L. A. 90065
- Mrs. Joseph Picaro
158 S. Detroit Street, L. A. 90036
- Mr. Chan Robison
124 Arbor Vitae, Inglewood 90301
- Mrs. Adele Rockwood
205 Calle de Sirenas, Redondo Beach
- Mrs. Douglas L. Smith
213 17th St., Seal Beach 90740
- Phyllis Strawn
8152 Virginia Ave., South Gate 90280
- Lenore M. White
1800 W. Pacific Coast Hwy., Long Beach 90810
- Mr. John Tyler
603 Alta, Santa Monica

are my own and not necessarily those of the Los Angeles Audubon Society. All dissenting opinions will be duly read and printed.

The Levin Ranch Problem...

May 26, 1966

BY MARION WILSON

Samuel H. Levin
Post Office Box 366
Morongo Valley, California

Dear Mr. Levin:

In view of the fact that the Los Angeles Audubon Society has given to Mr. Levin, in appreciation for the privilege of using his ranch for field trips, a joint membership in the National and Los Angeles Audubon Societies, and in view of the fact that the Society has provided Mr. Levin with one hundred signs to post and keep posted his ranch as a Wildlife Refuge, at considerable expense to the Society, the following letter comes as a terrific blow. We cannot blame Mr. Levin, only those groups that have been thoughtless in their use of the privilege given by a private property owner.

In order for our members to be fully aware of the situation, our editor requested copies of the letters sent to Mr. Levin, Presidents of Audubon branches and Universities and Colleges that have made use of this fine birding area.

Samuel H. Levin
Post Office Box 366
Morongo Valley, California

May 23, 1966

Los Angeles Audubon Society
7377 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

Gentlemen:

About a year ago I advised you that there were about 30 cars parking in my alfalfa field. I was promised that it would not happen again.

Yesterday, Sunday May 22, my home was invaded by about 12 cars racing past my house, raising a cloud of dust and they all parked in the lake area.

There are birds and there are birds. There are people and there are people, only that some birds are more intelligent than some people.

I must therefore rescind the privilege of Bird Watchers on my property.

Sincerely,

Sam H. Levin

SHL:bs

Your letter of May 23 has been referred to me because I have met you and made the arrangements to help you post your property as a Wildlife Refuge. I was also the one who received your letter a year or more ago.

At the time of the first incident, and your first letter, I sent letters to all Audubon branches in Southern California. I did not know the group which had taken the 30 cars inside your gate but tried to reach everyone I thought had field trips in that area. I told them what had happened and that such actions would jeopardize our privileges.

I am now sending copies of your letter of May 23 to all branches and to the Dept. of Biological Sciences at San Diego State College, University of California at Riverside and the University of Redlands as these departments do conduct field trips in the area.

The Los Angeles Audubon Society members did not drive their cars onto your property this year on either of their two trips. Our members know the rules you have set and abide by them. We have no knowledge at this time of the group who invaded your property on May 22.

I feel that you have a right to set up rules and regulations and perhaps one should be a request in writing from any group wishing to visit your ranch, and permission in writing from you stipulating the conditions under which permission will be granted. I feel that the leader of any group should be required to go to your house, or any place you designate, on his or her arrival in the area and register the group. The leader should then be responsible for the conduct of the group.

We feel unhappy that you feel it is necessary to penalize all groups because of the actions of some and would hope that you would be receptive next year to a written request from the Los Angeles Audubon Society for permission to use your ranch again for field trips.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Russell Wilson

To: San Diego State College
U of C at Riverside
U of Redlands

Dear Sir:

I have just learned that your groups visit the Levin Ranch for field trips so I feel you should be informed of this situation.

The Los Angeles Audubon Society has worked hard to keep this ranch available to birders, therefore we are held responsible for all by Mr. Levin. This places us in a difficult position as we have no way of knowing all groups that have become familiar with the area.

If you know of other groups of persons who may visit this area, will you please tell them that if permission is ever granted again that no one but no one may drive cars into the ranch at any time. All cars must be parked outside and any one who can not walk in should stay in Covington Park where there is good birding.

Your cooperation will be most appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Russell Wilson
Los Angeles Audubon Society
7377 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

P.S. Of course until further notice is given, no one should go in.

To President of Audubon branches

Enclosed are copies of letters which should be self explanatory.

We do not know which group visited the ranch on Sunday, May 22, nor do we know all the groups having field trips in the area, but feel that everyone who does visit should be informed of this situation so that they may realize that the use of private property is privilege and should be used accordingly.

If you know of other groups or persons who may visit the area, please let them know that no group or individual may drive cars into the ranch. Cars must be parked outside and persons must walk in. Anyone who cannot walk in should stay in Covington Park where there is very good birding.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Russell Wilson

P.S. Until further notice, no one may go in.

As of the present date, June 10, 1966, Mr. Levin has unequivocally stated that NO BIRDING GROUPS and NO INDIVIDUAL BIRDERS shall enter his ranch. It is to be hoped that no one will attempt to enter illegally. I hope that all our members, and Societies with which we exchange bulletins, will take this unfortunate turn of affairs as a warning as to what could happen in other privately owned areas if we do not respect the owner's wishes. The offense occurred TWICE and Mr. Levin has rightly barred us. Although both offenses were committed by a different Society than ours, the Los Angeles Audubon Society sincerely apologizes to Mr. Levin. (Editor)



Editor's note: June 14, 1966

Mr. Levin has written to Marion, "I will permit individuals, only provided they register when they get on my property. I do not want my home invaded again by groups."

Summer Birding Opportunity

You can enjoy "birding at Audubon House" four hours a week by giving people answers to questions that come in over the phone regarding every facet of birding; you can answer letters from people (adults and children) who write to Audubon House asking questions about birding; you can accompany youngsters and adults around Audubon House explaining and answering about birds.

If you can't get out of town -- have fun right in town! We cannot keep the House open on Tuesdays and Saturdays unless we have more help. Summer hours for Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday are 2 to 4 p. m.

We have a number of fine ornithologists in our local Society. Will some of them share their birding experiences by sending us articles for the 1966-1967 "Tanager"?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Otto Widmann would like someone to volunteer to help water the plants at Audubon House during July and August. Phone 221-8973.

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL, INC. estimates that \$10 of the state and local tax money paid yearly by the average American family is used to pick up litter from streets, highways, beaches and parks.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA **Birds**

BY SHIRLEY WELLS, Guest Columnist for David A. Gaines

Continuing cool, overcast skies and a lack of rainfall may have been the reason spring migrants remained scarce during May. Few concentrations were located, even in cases often noted for their abundance and variety of passerine birds. Disturbing reports of large numbers of Western Tanagers found dead in the Laguna Mountains, San Diego County, after an April sleet storm raised speculation that less conspicuous migrants may have met the same fate. Noticeable numbers of Western Tanagers, steadily heading northward, were seen in Morongo Valley May 21, while approximately 150 Swainson's Thrushes were banded in that area a week earlier.

A field trip in almost any area was fortunate to find more than a few of the expected migrating warblers. Although, by May 7 all known breeding warblers in the Sierra and Yosemite Valley region were to be found and some could be heard singing in their specific habitats at various altitudes... Hopes for rare migrants failed to materialize even for the diligent birders that annually trek to the White Mountains over Memorial Day. They were able to report Tennessee Warbler, Broadtail Hummingbird and Gray Flycatcher. During the same period Deep Springs provided unexpected Fulvous Tree Ducks, along with a male Indigo Bunting. American Redstarts were at Morongo May 21, while closer to home at Pt. Fermin, two more Redstarts were seen May 27. One, a first year male, sang continuously while being observed at close range.

Pt. Fermin Park shows potential for being that looked-for "pocket," attracting migrants along the local coast. Jutting slightly into the Catalina Channel, it remains the most southeasterly portion of the Palos Verdes Peninsula. Named in 1793 and established as a lighthouse in 1874, the park has in addition to its old and well-cared for plantings, a few remnants of native coastal scrub. Bordering residential areas, open fields surrounding a military installation, and abandoned and neglected greenery in a fenced portion that periodically slides into the Pacific, all offer small but varied resting places for migrants along with suitable nesting sites for resident and summer birds. May 25 through May 28 disclosed a small number of migrants here, and eager birders might do well to keep checking around this interesting historical landmark.

Nestwatchers assisting in the Cornell Nest Record Program had more to view in May than birders seeking to add year and life birds to their lists. Resident birds were dismissing their second broods as spring visitors raised families in mid-May and early June. Notable along coastal sections were Hooded and Bullock's

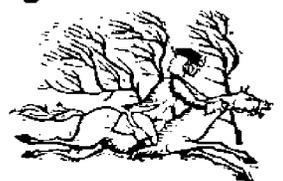
Orioles, Cassin's and Western Kingbirds, and the Cliff Swallows continued adapting to freeway spans and new buildings where there is adequate water and mud. Small concentrations of male Blue Grosbeaks pausing to sing before continuing with the family feeding gave pleasure to those seeking nesting information. Also, unexpected numbers of Allen's Hummers quarreling and feeding in the rosy eucalyptus and fuschia blossoms intrigued watchers at Pt. Fermin. Although this is somewhat south of known nesting sites, patient and delighted observers were rewarded as they saw young being fed on a number of occasions. Feeding call clamor, plus a displaying male on May 25, suggests the possibility of locating an active nest yet this season.

Cold, strong winds during May 28, 29 and 30 drove all but the hardiest campers away from the higher ridges in the San Gabriel Mts. Nonetheless, observations indicated widespread nesting activity even at the 8500' elevation. Oregon Juncos and Mountain Chickadees fed their young. Townsend's Solitaires, Green-tailed Towhees, Fox and Chipping Sparrows were singing as the female Cassin's Finches, escorted by their entreating and colorful mates, carried final bits of fluff and feathers for nest linings.

Hopefully, June may yet provide some interesting vagrants. If not, any bored birders are urged to lend sharp ears and eyes to nest locating, and to request and complete the Cornell nest record cards.

GET UP & GO!

Most Delicious



You are cordially invited

to the Los Angeles Audubon Society

Annual Potluck

PICNIC

Fern Dell Picnic Area No.7 ..

Saturday, July 9th.